

The Bondman

A....
Continued
Story.

By HALL CAINE.

And when all was over she swept the people out of the room with a wave of her hand, and fell back to the bolster.

Then Greeba, thinking it a favorable moment to plead for her father, mentioned his name, and eyed her mother anxiously. Mrs. Fairbrother seemed not to hear at first, and, being pressed, she answered wrathfully, saying she had no pity for her husband, and that not a penny of her money should go to him.

But late the same day, after the doctor, who had been sent for from Douglas, had wagged his head and made a rueful face over her, she called for her sons, and they came and stood about her, and Greeba, who had nursed her from the beginning, was also by her side.

"Boys," she said, between fits of pain, "keep the land together, and don't separate; and mind you bring no women here or you'll fall to quarrelling, and if any of you must marry let him have his share and go. Don't forget the heifer that's near to calving, and see that you fodder her every night. Fetch the geese down from Barrule at Martinmas, and count the sheep on the mountains once a week, for the people of Maughold are the worst thieves in the island."

They gave her their promise duly to do and not to do what she had named, and, being little used to such scenes, they grew uneasy and began to shamble out.

"And, boys, another thing," she said, faintly, stretching her wrinkled hand across the counterpane, "give the girl her rights, and let her marry whom she will."

This, also, they promised her; and then she, thinking her duty done as an honest woman towards man and the world, but recking nothing of higher obligations, lay backward with a groan.

Now it did not need that the men should marry in order that they might quarrel, for hardly was the breath out of their mother's body when they set to squabbling, without any woman to help them. Asher grumbled that Thurstan was drunken, Thurstan grumbled that Asher was lazy, Asher retorted that, being the eldest son, if he had his rights he would have every foot of the land, and Ross and Stean arose in fury at the bare thought of either being hinds on their brother's farm or else taking the go-by at his hands. So they quarrelled, until Jacob said there was plainly but one way to peace between them, and that was to apportion the land into equal parts and let every man take his share, and then the idleness of Asher and the drunkenness of Thurstan would be to each man his own affair.

At that they remembered that the lands of Lague, then the largest estate on the north of the island, had once been made up of six separate farms, with a house to each of them, though five of the six houses had long stood empty. And seeing that there were just six of themselves it seemed, as Jacob said, as if Providence had so appointed things to see them out of their difficulty. But the farms, though of equal acreage, were of various quality of land, and therein the quarrelling set in afresh.

"I'll take Ballacraigne," said Thurstan.

"No, but I'll take it," said Jacob, "for I've always worked the meadows."

In the end they cast lots, and then, each man having his farm assigned to him, all seemed to be settled when Asher cried:

"But what about the girl?"

At that they looked stupidly into each other's faces, for never once in all their bickering had they given a thought to Greeba. But Jacob's first source was not yet at an end, for he suggested that Asher should keep her at Lague, and at harvest the other five should give her something, and that her keep and their gifts together should be her share; and if she had all she needed what more could she wish?

They did not consult Greeba on this head, and before she had time to protest they were in the thick of a fresh dispute among themselves. The meadow lands of Ballacraigne had fallen to Jacob after all, while Thurstan got the high and stony lands of Ballafyle, at the foot of Barrule. Thurstan was less than satisfied, and remembering that Jacob had drawn out the papers for the lottery, he suspected cheating. So he made himself well and thoroughly drunk at the "Hibernian," and set off for Ballacraigne to argue the question out. He found Jacob in no mood for words of recrimination, and so he proceeded to thrash him, and to turn him off the fat lands and settle himself upon them.

Then there was great commotion among the Fairbrothers, and each of the other four took a side in the dispute. The end of it all was a trial for ejectment at Deemster's court at Ramsey. The ejectment came first and battery. Thurstan was ousted, and then six men of Maughold got up in the juror's box to try the charge of assault. There was little proof, but a multitude of witnesses, and before all were heard the Deemster adjourned the court for lunch and ventilation, for the old court house had become poisonous with the reeking breath of the people that crowded it.

And the jury being free to lunch where they pleased, each of the parties to the dispute laid hold of his man and walked him off by himself, to persuade him, also to treat him, and perhaps to bribe him. Thus Thurstan was at the Saddle Inn with a jurymen on either hand, and Jacob was at the Plough with as many by his side, and Ross and Stean had one each at the tavern by the Cross. "You're right," said the jurymen to Thurstan. "Drink up," said Thurstan to the jurymen. "I'm your man," said the jurymen to Jacob. "Slip this in your fob," said Jacob to the jurymen. Then they reeled back to the court

house arm-in-arm, and when the six good men of Maughold had clambered up to their places again, the juror's box contained several quarts more air than before.

The jury did not agree on a verdict, and the Deemster dismissed them with hot reproaches. But some justice to Greeba seemed likely to come of this wild farce of law, for an advocate, who had learned what her brothers were doing for her, got up a case against them, for lack of a better brief, and so far prevailed on her behalf that the Deemster ordered that each of the six should pay her eight pounds yearly, as an equivalent for the share of land they had unlawfully withheld.

Now Red Jason had spent that day among the crowd at the courthouse, and his hot blood had shown as red as his hair through his tanned cheeks, while he looked on at the doings of Thurstan of the swollen eyes, and Jacob of the foxy face. He stood up for a time at the back like a statue of wrath with a dirty mist of blood dancing before it. Then his loathing and scorn getting the better of him he cursed beneath his breath in Icelandic and English, and his restless hands scraped in and out of his pockets as if they itched to fasten on somebody's throat, or pick up something as a dog picks up a rat. All he could do was to curl his lip in a terrible grin like the grin of a mastiff, until he caught a sidelong glimpse of Greeba's face with the traces of tears upon it, and then, being unable to control any longer the unsatisfied yearning of his soul to throttle Jacob, and smash the ribs of Thurstan, and give dandified John a backhanded fencer, he turned tail and slunk out of the place, as if ashamed of himself that he was so useless. When all was over he stalked off to Porty-Vullin, but, too nervous to settle to his work that day, he went away in the evening in the direction of Lague, not thinking to call there, yet powerless to keep away.

Greeba had returned from Ramsey alone, being little wishful for company, so heavy was her heart. She had seen how her brothers had tried to rob her, and how beggarly was her help the law could give her, for though the one might order the others might not obey. So she had sat herself down in her loneliness, thinking that she was indeed alone in the world, with no one to look up to any more, and no strong hand to rest on. It was just then that Jason pushed open the door of the porch, and stood on the threshold, in all the quiet strength of his untainted young manhood, and the calm breadth of his simple manner.

"Greeba, may I come in?" he said, in a low tone.

"Yes," she answered, only just audibly, and then he entered.

She did not raise her eyes, and he did not offer his hand, but as he stood beside her she grew stronger, and as she sat before him he felt that a hard lump that had gathered at his heart was melting away.

"Listen to me, Greeba," he said. "I know all your troubles, and I'm very sorry for them. No, that's not what I meant to say, but I'm at a loss for words. Greeba!"

"Yes?"

"Doesn't it seem as if Fate meant us to come together—you and I? The world has dealt very ill with both of us thus far. But you are a woman and I am a man; and only give me the right to fight for you—"

As he spoke he saw the tears spring to her eyes, and he paused and his wandering fingers found the hand that hung by her side.

"Greeba!" he cried again, but she stopped the hot flow of the words that she saw were coming.

"Leave me now," she said. "Don't speak to me today; no, not today, Jason. Go—go!"

He obeyed her without a word, and picking up his cap from where it had fallen at his feet, he left her sitting there with her face covered by her hands.

She had suddenly bethought herself of Michael Sunlocks; that she had pledged her word to wait for him, that she had written to him and that his answer might come at any time. Next day she went down to the post-office at Ramsey to inquire for a letter. None had yet come for her, but a boat from the Shetlands that might fetch mails from Iceland would arrive within three days. Prompt to that time she went down to Ramsey again, but though the boat had put into harbor and discharged its mails there was still no letter for her. The ordinary Irish trader between Dublin and Reykjavik was expected on its homeward trip in a week or nine days more, and Greeba's heart lay low and waited. In due course the trader came, but no letter for her came with it. Then her hope broke down; Sunlocks had forgotten her; perhaps he cared for her no longer; it might even be that he loved some one else. And so with the fall of her hope her womanly pride arched, and she asked herself very haughtily, but with the great tears in her big dark eyes, what it mattered to her after all. Only she was very lonely, and so weary and heart-sick, and with no one to look to for the cheer of life.

She was still at Lague, where her eldest brother was now sole master, and he was very cold with her, for he had taken it with mighty high dudgeon that a sister of his should have used the law against him. So, feeling how bitter it was to eat the bread of another, she had even begun to pinch herself of food, and to sit at meals but rarely.

But Jason came again about a fortnight after the trial, and he found Greeba alone as before. She was sitting by the porch, in the cool of the summer evening, combing out the plaits of her long brown hair, and looking up at Barrule, that was heav-

ing out large and black in the sun-down, with a night cap of silver vapor over its head in the clouds.

"I can stay away no longer," he said, with his eyes down. "I've tried to stay away and can't, and the days creep along. So think no ill of me if I come too soon."

Greeba made him no answer, but thought within herself that if he had stayed away a day longer he must have stayed a day too long.

"It's a weary heart I've borne," he said, "since I saw you last, and you bade me leave you," and I obeyed, though it cost me dear. But let that go."

Still she did not speak, and looking up into her face he saw how pale she was, and weak and ill as he thought.

"Greeba," he cried, "what has happened?"

But she only smiled and gave him a look of kindness, and said that nothing was amiss with her.

"Yes, by the Lord, something is amiss," he said, with his blood in his face in an instant. "What is it?" he cried. "What is it?"

"Only that I have not eaten much today," she said, "that's all."

"All!" he cried. "All!"

He seemed to understand everything at a glance, as if the great power of his love had taught him.

"Now, by God—" he said, and shook his fist at the house in front of him.

"Hush!" Greeba whispered, "it is my own doing. I am loth to be hidden to any one, least of all to such as forget me."

The sweet tenderness of her look softened him, and he cast down his eyes again, and said:

"Greeba, there is one who can never forget you; morning and night you are with him, for he loves you dearly; ay, Greeba, as never maiden was loved by any one since the world began. No, there isn't the man born, Greeba, who loves a woman as he loves you, for he has nothing else to love in all the wide world."

She looked up at him as he spoke and saw the courage in his eyes, and that he who loved her stood as a man beside her. At that her heart swelled and her eyes began to fill, and she wept tears and knew that he had won her, and he plucked her to his breast with a wild cry of joy, and she lay there and wept, while he whispered to her through her hair.

"My love! my love! love of my life!" he whispered.

"I was so lonely," she murmured. "You shall be lonely no more," he whispered; "no more, my love, no more," and his soft words stole over her drooping head.

He stayed an hour longer by her side, laughing much and talking greatly, and when he went off she heard him break into a soft song as he passed out at the gate.

Then, being once more alone, she sat and tried to compose herself, wondering if she should ever repent what she had done so hastily, and if she could love this man as he well deserved and would surely wish. Her meditations were broken by the sound of Jason's voice. He was coming back with his happy step, and singing as merrily as he went.

"What a blockhead I am," he said, cheerily, popping his head in at the door. "I forgot to deliver you a letter that the postmaster gave me when I was at Ramsey this morning. You see it's from Iceland. Good news from your father, I trust. God bless him!"

So saying he pushed the letter into Greeba's hand and went his way jauntily, singing as before a gay song of his native country.

The letter was from Michael Sunlocks.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RISE OF MICHAEL SUNLOCKS.

"Dear Greeba," the letter ran. "I am sorely ashamed of my long silence, which is deeply ungrateful toward your father, and very ungracious towards me. Though something better than four years have passed away since I left the little green island, the time has seemed to fly more swiftly than a weaver's shuttle, and I have been immersed in many interests and beset by many anxieties. But I well know that nothing can quite excuse me, and I would wrong the truth if I were to say that among fresh scenes and fresh faces I have borne about me day and night the memory of all I left behind. So I shall not pretend to a loyalty whereof I have given you no assurance, but will just pray of you to take me for what I truly am—a rather thankless fellow—who has sometimes found himself in danger of forgetting old friends in the making of new ones, and been very heartily ashamed of himself. Nevertheless, the sweetest thoughts of these four years have been thoughts of the old home, and the dearest hope of my heart has been to return to it some day. That day has not yet come; but it is coming, and now I seem to see it very near. So, dear Greeba, forgive me if you can, or at least bear me no grudge, and let me tell you of some of the strange things that have befallen me since we parted.

"When I came to Iceland it was not to join the Latin school of the venerable Bishop Petersen (a worthy man and good Christian, whom it has become my happiness to call my friend), but on an errand of mercy, whereof I may yet say much but can tell you little now. The first of my duties was to find a good woman and true wife who had suffered deeply by the great fault of another, and having found her, to succor her in her distress. It says much for the depth of her misfortunes that, though she had been the daughter of the Governor-General, and the inhabitants of the capital of Iceland are fewer than two thousand in all, I was more than a week in Reykjavik before I came upon any real news of her. When I found her at last she was in her grave. The poor soul had died within two months of my landing on these shores, and the joiner of the cathedral was putting a little wooden peg, inscribed with the initials of her name, over her grave in the forgotten quarter of the cemetery where the dead poor of this place are buried. Such was the close of the first chapter of my quest.

(To be continued).

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

BLESSINGS SHOWERED UPON AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Draws Comparisons Between Our Own and Other Countries—Our Duty to Extend These Blessings to the World—Some Happy Conditions.

(Copyright, 1900, Louis Kloppsch, N. Y.)
Washington, Dec. 16.—Dr. Talmage preaches a discourse of Christian patriotism and shows the resources of our country and predicts the time when all the world will have the same blessings. His two texts are Revelation xli, 13, "On the south three gates," Psalm cxlvii, "He hath not dealt so with any nation."

Among the greatest needs of our country is more gratitude to God for the unparalleled prosperity bestowed upon us. One of my texts calls us to international comparison. What nation on all the planet has of late had such enlargement of commercial opportunity as is now opening before this nation? Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands brought into close contact with us, and through steamship subsidy and Nicaragua canal, which will surely be afforded by congress, all the republics of South America will be brought into most active trade with the United States. "On the south three gates." While our next door neighbors, the southern republics and neighboring colonies, imported from European countries 3,000 miles away \$675,000,000 worth of goods in a year, only \$126,000,000 worth went from the United States—\$126,000,000 out of \$675,000,000, only one-fifth of the trade ours. European nations taking the four fingers and leaving us the poor thumb. Now all this is to be changed. There is nothing but a comparative ferry between the islands which have recently come under our protection, and only a ferry between us and Bolivia, Peru, Paraguay, Uruguay, Venezuela, Salvador, Nicaragua, Colombia, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Brazil, while there are raging seas and long voyage between them and Europe. By the mandate of the United States all that will be changed through new facilities of transportation.

The Nation's Advantages.

In anticipation of what is sure to come, I nail on the front door of this nation an advertisement:
Wanted.—One hundred thousand men to build railroads through South America and the island of the sea under our protection.
Wanted.—A thousand telegraph operators.
Wanted.—One hundred million dollars' worth of dry goods from the great cities of the United States.
Wanted.—All the clocks you can make at New Haven and all the brains you can spare from Boston and all the bells you can mold at Troy and all the McCormick reapers you can fashion at Chicago and all the hams you can turn out at Cincinnati and all the railroad iron you can send from Pittsburgh and all the statesmen that you can spare from Washington.

Wanted.—Right away, wanted by new and swifter steamers, wanted by rail-train, lawyers to plead our cause.
Wanted.—Doctors to cure our sick.
Wanted.—Ministers to evangelize our population.
Wanted.—Professors to establish our universities.

"On the south three gates," yea, a thousand gates. South America and all the islands of the sea approximate are rightfully our commercial domain, and the congress of the United States will see to it that we get what belongs to us.

And then tides of travel will be somewhat diverted from Europe to our islands at the south and to the land of the Aztecs. Much of the \$125,000,000 yearly expended by Americans in Europe will be expended in southern exploration, in looking at some of the ruins of the 47 cities which Stephens found only a little way apart and in walking through the great doorways and over the miracles of mosaic and along by the monumental glories of another civilization, and ancient America will with cold lips of stone kiss the warm lips of modern America, and to have seen the Andes and Popocatepetl will be deemed as important as to have seen the Alpine and Balkan ranges, and there will be fewer people spoiled by foreign travel, and in our midst less of the poor and nauseating imitation of a brainless foreign swell.

Some Happy Conditions.

Again, in this international comparison notice the happy condition of our country as compared with most countries. Russia under the shadow of the dreadful illness of her great and good emperor, who now, more than any man in all the world, represents "peace on earth, good will to men," and whose empress, near the most solemn hour that ever comes to a woman's soul, is anxious for him to whom she has given hand and heart, not for political reasons, but through old-fashioned love such as blesses our humbler dwellings; India under the agonies of a famine which, though somewhat lifted, has filled hundreds of thousands of graves and thrown millions into orphanage; Austria only waiting for her general Francis Joseph to die so as to let Hungary rise in rebellion and make the palace of Vienna quake with insurrection; Spain in Carlist revolution and pauperized as seldom any nation has been pauperized; Italy under the horrors of her king's assassination; China shuddering with fear of dismemberment, her capital in possession of foreign nations. After a review of the condition in other lands can you find a more appropriate utterance in regard to our country than the exclamation of the text, "He hath not dealt so with any nation?"

Compare the autumnal report of harvests in America this year and the harvests abroad. Last summer I crossed the continent of Europe twice, and I saw no such harvests as were spoken of in this statement. Hear it, all you men and women who want everybody to have enough to eat and wear. I have to tell you that the corn crop of our country this year is one of the four largest crops on record—2,105,000,000 bushels! The cotton crop, though smaller than at some times, will on that account bring bigger prices, and so cotton planters of the south are prosperous. The wheat-fields have provided bread enough and to spare. The potato crop, one of the five largest crops on record—211,000,000 bushels! Twenty-two million two hundred thousand swine slain, and yet so many hogs left.

The Story of Prosperity.

But now I give you the comparative exports and imports, which tell the story of national prosperity as nothing else can. Excess of exports over imports, \$544,400,000. Now let all pessimists hide themselves in the dens and caves of the earth, while all grateful souls fill the churches with doxology. Notice also that while other countries are at their wits' ends as to their finances this nation has money to lend. Germany, we are glad to see you in Wall street. If you must borrow money, we have it all ready. How much will you have? Russia, we also welcome you into our money markets. Give us good collateral. Meanwhile, Denmark, will you please accept our offer of \$3,000,000 for the island of St. Thomas? My hearers, there is no nation on earth with such healthy condition of finances. We wickedly waste an awful amount of money in this country, but some one has said it is easier to manage a surplus than a deficit.

Besides all this, not a disturbance from St. Lawrence river to Key West or from Highlands of New Jersey to Golden Horn of the Pacific. Sectional controversies ended. The north and south brought into complete accord by the Spanish war, which put the Lees and the Grants on the same side, Vermonters and Georgians in the same brigade. And since our civil war we are all mixed up. Southern men have married northern wives, and northern men have married southern wives, and your children are half Mississippian and half New Englander, and to make another division between the north and the south possible you would have to do with your child as Solomon proposed with the child brought before him for judgment—divide it with the sword, giving half to the north and half to the south. No, there is nothing so hard to split as a cradle. In other lands there is compulsory marriage of royal families, some bright princess compelled to marry some disagreeable foreign dignitary in order to keep the balance of political power in Europe, the ill-matched pair fighting out on a small scale that which would have been an international contest, sometimes the husband having the balance of power and sometimes the wife.

The Question of Wages.

Again, in this international comparison there is not a land whose wages and salaries are so large for the great mass of the people. In India four cents a day and find yourself is good wages; in Ireland, in some parts, eight cents a day for wages; in England, \$1 a day good wages, vast populations not getting as much as that; in other lands, 50 cents a day and 25 cents a day, clear on down to starvation and squalor! Look at the great populations coming out of the factories of other lands and accompany them to their homes and see what privations the hard-working classes on the other side of the sea suffer. The laboring classes in America are 10 per cent better off than those in any other country under the sun, 20 per cent, 40 per cent, 50 per cent. The toilers of hand and foot have better homes and better furnished. "How much wages do you get?" is a question I have asked in Calcutta, in St. Petersburg, in Berlin, in Stockholm, in London, in Paris, in Auckland, New Zealand; in Sydney, Australia, in Samoa, in the Sandwich Islands, so I am not talking an abstraction. The stone masons and carpenters and plumbers and mechanics and artisans of all kinds in America have finer residences than the majority of the professional men in Europe. You enter the laborer's house on our side of the sea and you find upholstery and pictures and instruments of music. His children are educated at the best schools. His life is insured, so that in case of sudden demise his family shall not be homeless. Let all American workmen know that while their wages may not be as high as they would like to have them, America is the paradise of industry.

Expenses of Government.

It is said that in our country we have more dishonesty in the use of public funds than in other lands. The difference is that in our country almost every official has a chance to steal, while in other lands a few people absorb so much that the others have no chance at appropriation. The reason they do not steal is because they cannot get their hands on it. The governments of Europe are so expensive that after the salaries of the royal families are paid there is not much left to misappropriate. The emperor of Russia has a nice little salary of \$8,210,000. The emperor of Austria has a yearly salary of \$4,000,000. Victoria, the queen, has a salary of \$2,200,000. The royal plate of St. James palace is worth \$10,000,000. There is a host of attendants, all on salaries, some of them \$5,000 a year, some \$6,000 a year. Comptroller of the household, mistress of the robes, captain of gold stick, lieutenant of silver stick, clerk of the powder closet, pages of the back stairs, master of the horse, chief equerry,

equeries in ordinary, crown equerry, hereditary grand falconer, vice chamberlain, clerk of the kitchen, grooms in waiting, lords in waiting, grooms of the court chamber, sergeant-at-arms, barge master and waterman, eight bed chamber women, eight ladies of the bedchamber, and so on and so on. All this is only a type of the fabulous expense of foreign governments. All this is paid out of the sweat and blood of the people. Are the people satisfied? However much the Germans like William, and Austria likes Francis Joseph, and England likes her glorious queen, these stupendous governmental expenses are built on a groan of dissatisfaction as wide as Europe. If it were left to the people of England or Austria or Germany or Russia whether these expensive establishments should be kept up, do you doubt what the vote would be? Now, is it not better that we be overtaxed and the surplus be distributed all over the land than to have it built up and piled up inside the palaces?

Question of Monopolies.

Again, the monopolistic oppression is less in America than anywhere else. The air is full of protest because great houses, great companies, great individuals, are building such overtowering fortunes. Stephen Girard and John Jacob Astor, stared at in their time for their august fortunes, would not now be pointed at in the streets of Washington or Philadelphia or New York as anything remarkable. These vast fortunes for some imply pinchedness, of want for others. A growing protuberance on a man's head implies illness of the whole body. These estates of disproportionate size weaken all the body politic. But the evil is nothing with us compared with the monopolistic oppression abroad. Just look at the ecclesiastical establishments on the other side of the sea. Look at those great cathedrals, built at fabulous expense and supported by ecclesiastical machinery, and sometimes in an audience room that would hold a thousand people twenty or thirty people gather for worship. The pope's income is \$8,000,000 a year. Cathedrals of stately and braided arch and walls covered with masterpieces of Rubens and Raphael and Michael Angelo. Against all the walls dash seas of poverty and crime and fifth and abomination.

Ireland today one vast monopolistic visitation. About 45,000,000 people in Great Britain, and yet all the soil owned by about 32,000. Statistics enough to make the earth tremble. Duke of Devonshire owning 96,000 acres in Derbyshire, Duke of Richmond owning 300,000 acres around Gordon castle. Marcus of Bredaibane going on a journey of 100 miles in a straight line, all on his own property. Duke of Sutherland has an estate wide as Scotland, which dips into the sea on both sides. Unfortunate as we have it here, it is a great deal worse there.

While making the international comparison let us look forward to the time which will surely come when all nations will have as great advantages as our own. As surely as the Bible is true the whole earth is to be gardenized and set free. Even the climates will change and the heats be cooled and the frigidities warmed.

NATURE IS STRANGE.

Its Impulses Illustrated by Teamster and Hungry Dog Episode.

Seated at the edge of the curbing was a weary teamster, while near by stood his horses crunching away at their noon portion of oats, says the Chicago News. Heaving a deep sigh, the teamster slowly ambled to the wagon and from under the seat drew forth a good-sized dinner pail. Resuming his seat upon the curb he mechanically removed the cover from the lunch bucket and began to eat.

His mind was far away from his surroundings, and with an occasional ominous shake of the head he muttered the thoughts that burdened his brain. The appearance of a lean, hungry-looking dog resting upon its haunches directly in front of him attracted his attention. The animal gazed longingly at each morsel of food which passed the man's lips. The man shed a bit of bread at the dog, who devoured it eagerly. One piece of food after another he tossed to the emaciated animal until the contents of pail had disappeared, all but a tough and dangerous doughnut. Breaking a piece from the "sinker," he bade him eat it. The animal sniffed, but refused to take it in its teeth. Thinking that by tossing the morsel to the ground the animal might eat it, he did so; but the dog pushed it aside with his nose and disdained to eat it. This act on the part of the dog so angered him that he arose slowly and landed a vicious kick in the dog's ribs, which sent the poor animal into the gutter, where it lay writhing in agony. "So you, too, refused to take what I would rob myself of, after having sacrificed everything else," said the teamster, with that remark and a parting kick at the prostrate animal, he hastily removed the nosebags from the horses, mounted to the seat and drove away.

Horse Shoes for Luck.

The custom of keeping horseshoes for luck is said to have originated at the time when in every home was the picture of the patron saint. About the head of the saint was the distinguishing halo, which was frequently made of metal. Sometimes the shape of a horseshoe. When anything happened to the picture the halo was still kept, and remained fastened to the door, in order that the saint's influence might still prevail. As the bit of metal was the most substantial part of the picture, it soon became the custom to make a charm of this part only, and the horseshoe followed logically as a prevention against evil.